Prince. Come hither, *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis*?

Francis. Forſooth five yeeres, and as much as to——

Poynes. *Francis.*

Franc. Anon, anon, ſir.

Prince. Five yeares: berladya long leaſe for the chincking of pewter. But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valliant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord ſir, i'le be ſworne upon all the Bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poynes. *Francis.* *Francis.* Anon ſir.

Prince. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Francis. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be——

Poynes. *Francis.*

Francis. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas but a penny worth, was't not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poynes. *Francis.* *Francis.* Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis* or *Francis*, on Thurſday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, Caddice-garter, Smooth-tongue, Spaniſh-pouch?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who doe you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne-baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*: your white canvaſſe Doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir?

Poynes. *Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

¶ *Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and heareſt ſuch
looke to the Gheſts within. My Lord, old ſir *John* w
dozen more, are at the dore, ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open the d

Poynes. Anon, anon ſir. *Enter*

Prin. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeves
doore; ſhall we be merry?

Poy. As merry as Crickets, my Lad: but hark
cunning match have you made with this jeſt of th
come, what's the iſſue?

Prin I am now of all humors, that have ſhewed
humors, ſince the old daies of good man *Adam*, t
age of this preſent. Twelue a clocke at midnight
clocke, *Francis*?

Francis. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer
a Parrat, and yet the ſon of a woman. His induſtry
and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a r
am not yet of *Percyes* minde, the *Hotſpur* of the *N*
kils me ſome 6 or 7 dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt,
hands, and ſayes to his wife, Fie upon this quiet l
work. O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhe! how many ha
to day? Give my Roan horſe a drench (ſayes he) a
ſome fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I pr
Falſtaffe, i'le play *Percy*, and that damn'd *Brawn*
Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo*, ſaies the drunkard
call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poynes. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou been?

Falſ. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a ve
mary and Amen: give me a cup of ſacke, Boy. E'
life long, i'le ſow nether ſtocks, and mend them, u
too. A plague of all cowards; Give me a cup of ſa
there no vertue extant?

Prince. Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſſe a di
pittifull hearted *Titan*, that melted at the ſwe
Sun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.